# NATIONAL REVIEW

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*November 2, 1957*

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION


## *California Triangle*

FULTON LEWIS, JR.

## *Why the Moon Is Red*

L. BRENT BOZELL

## *World Conference on Industry*

PHILIP BURNHAM

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*Articles and Reviews by* · · · · · · WHITTAKER CHAMBERS
MORRIE RYSKIND · HUGH KENNER · JAMES BURNHAM
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. · CHRISTOPHER LOGAN

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# For the Record

The appointment of an American, Congressman Sterling Cole, as Director General of the International Atomic Energy Agency has been touted as a great victory. What is not so well known is that a Czechoslovak Communist has been elected Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Agency and that Soviet or satellite officials have been placed on all of the strategic committees of the IAEA General Conference....FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover warns that the U.S. Communist Party has opened a new recruiting drive among young people with a view to placing them in strategic labor union positions.

Representative John Taber, top Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee, agrees with House GOP Leader Martin that there is little hope for a tax cut next year in view of the economic slowdown and the Soviet Sputnik.

Senator McClellan has noted increasing support in Congress for a federal right-to-work law. The Arkansas Senator believes that legislation to bring labor under the anti-trust laws will be introduced in the next session of Congress....James Hoffa is expected to make steep wage demands on the carriers next year in an effort to boost his waning popularity with Teamsters Union members....The thirteen rank and file Teamsters contesting Hoffa's election have established their headquarters at 50 E. 42nd Street (Room 504) New York 17.

Robert Morris, Chief Counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, has charged that United Nations officials permitted Miklos Szabo—a secret Communist agent who posed as a Hungarian refugee—to see a list of bona fide refugees whose testimony was used in the UN's special report on Hungary....Ferenz Vidovics, a Hungarian political exile who recently arrived in this country, says 500 members of the Hungarian Secret Police turned up in refugee camps after last year's revolt and now are scattered through France, West Germany and "probably the United States."

The New York Department of Sanitation, which measures popularity by the tons of ticker tape it sweeps up after a Broadway parade, gave Queen Elizabeth a rating of 200 (tons). This contrasts with 70 for General Eisenhower when he returned from Europe and an all-time high of 3,250 for General MacArthur.


# NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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**CONTENTS** NOVEMBER 2, 1957 VOL. IV, NO. 17


*THE WEEK* ..... 387

*ARTICLES*

California Triangle .....Fulton Lewis, Jr. 393
World Conference on Industry
Philip Burnham 397

*DEPARTMENTS*

For the Record ..... 386
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 392
Letter from Abroad .....Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. 396
Letter from Westminster ..Whittaker Chambers 399
The Third World War .....James Burnham 401
Arts and Manners .....Morrie Ryskind 402
To the Editor ..... 406

*BOOKS IN REVIEW*

The Eminence of Mr. Eliot .....Hugh Kenner 403
Two Can Do the Work of One
Christopher Logan 404
Reviewed in Brief ..... 405



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# The WEEK

● On October 22, the *Wall Street Journal* reported the escape to Hong Kong of a Chinese student who had criticized the Communist regime. "I got out without my engineering diploma," he explained, "but with a B. W. [brainwashing] degree." On that same day Mr. Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* came across a coffee house in Warsaw called "The Hundred Flowers." The name, he explained, was "an allusion to China's policy of letting diverse ideas contend." Mr. Salisbury is obviously bucking for an Honorary B. W.

● Senator Kefauver, chivvying President A. B. Homer of the Bethlehem Steel Company at a hearing on "administered prices" before a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee last week, taxed the Bethlehem management with paying out unduly high incentive compensation to the steel firm's officers, who happen also to be "inside" directors. We could wish that Mr. Homer had rammed Kefauver's words back down his throat. It is precisely because Bethlehem Steel has always offered large incentives to management that the company has been able to build itself up from a tenth-rate concern to the proud position of No. 2 company in its field. If Charles Schwab, Eugene Grace and their colleagues and successors had not made it profitable for Bethlehem's management to show a profit, U.S. Steel would in all probability remain the only big steel company in the U.S. today. In other words, Kefauver should be told in no uncertain terms that Bethlehem, under the incentive system, has saved us from the steel monopoly which J. P. Morgan and Judge Gary, the creators of U.S. Steel, once thought they had.

● Note on how to stop inflation (from the front page of the *New York Times*): "Fifty thousand workers in New York factories making women's coats and suits yesterday won wage increases averaging 15 cents an hour. . . . Manufacturers said sales tags would probably go up about 7 per cent."

● The back-room operators of the Democratic Party machine are not at all displeased with Sputnik. As they see it, the Democrats' 1960 chances were just about to go down for the third time in the black ocean of Civil Rights. They now figure that the pull of the Red Moon, broadcasting a message of Republican failure on national defense, will be strong enough to save their Party from drowning.

● It may be that the Administration has misjudged the actual vote-catching potential of its move in sending federal paratroopers to Little Rock. The simon-pure Liberal may like the whole business, but the Lib-Lab—or Liberal-Labor element—is grumbling. A letter from the Montana State Commissioner of Labor and Industry, Oliver Sullivan, to the *Wall Street Journal* is indicative. Says Commissioner Sullivan: "Violence breeds violence. We in Montana have had bitter experience with federal troops. It is only a short time ago that federal troops were used to stab the Butte miners into submission . . . Working men know that if federal troops can be used to force integration, then at some future time federal troops can be used to destroy the labor unions which protect them."

● We think we detect an impending change in the automobile buying habits of Americans. Says an AP report from Detroit: "The late fall is becoming the time for the great bargain sale on cars for Americans who will trade prestige for economy." Says another AP dispatch, originating in New York on October 21: "Retail sales of autos were reported on the upgrade over 1956 *for the first time this year.*" (Italics ours.) In other words, the Great American Car Buyer is actually coming to rate economy over sky-rearing fins and all those engineering wonders which enable one to go at hot-rod speeds where anything over a cold-rod speed will land the driver in jail. An added straw in the wind: the 1957 auto market will absorb some 200,000 imported cars, mostly low-priced, low-gas-consumption makes. If all this doesn't constitute a *mene, mene, tekel,* we miss our guess. Maybe, instead of building the Edsel, the Ford Company should have revived the flivver.

● According to records subpoenaed by the U.S. Senate, the Mennen Company, of which Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams of Michigan is a director and stockholder, once did business with Johnny Dio, the notorious labor racketeer. Far from being discomfited by the imminent disclosure of this fact, Governor Williams actually boasted of having been "victimized" by Dio. Why the glee? Possibly because Dio represented the United Automobile Workers of the American Federation of Labor, and anything that could be said against him would automatically boost the stock of Walter Reuther, Williams' chief vote-getter, who happens to head the United Automobile Workers, CIO.

● *Wonders of the Scientific Mind Department.* The Atomic Energy Commission's Advisory Committee on Biology and Medicine has just reported on the hotly debated subject of radiation fall-out danger. The eminent scientists of the committee found: 1) there



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is no appreciable danger, now or for the future, in tests at the current level; 2) nevertheless, the government (the U.S. government, of course) should curtail tests to an absolute minimum. Why, pray, if there is no danger? Because the public, and even "many thoughtful persons," being confused, *think* there is a danger; and thus the tests lead to "adverse repercussions." And why is the public confused? Because—though the report omits comment on this point—a cabal of irresponsible scientists centered in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has filled the ears of the public with continuous, hysterical and self-contradictory bilge on the subject at issue.

● Ukrainian Jews are in for another round of persecution. With the blessing of *Pravda of the Ukraine*, the official newspaper, a pamphlet on "The Judaic Religion—Its Origin and Essence" is being widely circulated. It teaches that Judaism has "played an extremely reactionary role in diverting Jewish workers from the revolutionary struggle"; that from the days of ancient Israel, prophets and rabbis have "sought to inculcate the belief that the toilers were worthless, helpless slaves of Jehovah, who must serve the ruling class faithfully in order to get to heaven." The reason for the onslaught: Khrushchev's Middle Eastern plans, and Jewish resistance to official atheistic propaganda.

● Taken in juxtaposition, two news items from the Far East seem to supply their own commentary. The first, from Formosa, tells a story of increasing agricultural plenty (rice crop, hogs, soybeans, sweet potatoes, sugar and peanuts all up). The second, from Red China, informs us that more than a million pupils in the elementary and high schools have been "persuaded" to go back to farming, in an attempt to forestall general famine.

● The *New York Times* Book Review Section has struck another manly blow for Freedom: it invited Professor Edmond Cahn of the New York University Law School to review *The Lamont Case: History of a Congressional Investigation*. Mr. Cahn has put this "lively and graphic" Odyssey of a fellow traveler into perspective. In one corner "we find Corliss Lamont, humanistic idealist, admired for altruism and courage," and in the opposing corner "we see Joseph McCarthy, whose behavior in the case proved as repulsive as he had led the world to expect." McCarthy's recommendation that Lamont be indicted for contempt for refusing to answer questions, which was supported by a 71-3 "craven majority in the Senate," prompts Mr. Cahn to explain that "the liberty of the citizen cannot be safely confided to the custody of legislators." But U.S. District Court Judge Edward Weisfeld's dismissal of the indictment brings forth a smug observation that "reason and responsibility took over" when "the scene shifted from Congress to the courts." Enough said?

● A West German business consortium has signed a $55 million trade agreement with Red China, the biggest such contract made with Peiping by any Western nation. With all admiration for West Germany's vigorous spirit of economic enterprise, this is an irresponsible deal that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

● We can see it now. The crowded department store with its glittering Christmas decorations. A line of excited children and tired mamas all waiting for Junior to finish exchanging confidences with Santa and climb down off that upholstered lap. But what has happened? Junior is screaming at Santa. Junior has grabbed his mother's arm. Junior is leaving the store. Junior has just discovered that Santa is a scab! Yes, dear friends, the American Guild of Variety Artists reports that it is having serious trouble in persuading department store Santas to sign up before they draw their red suits and whiskers.

## *Adenauer or Tito?*

Bonn's response to Yugoslavia's diplomatic recognition of the puppet government of the "German Democratic Republic" (*i.e.*, the Soviet-occupied eastern section of Germany) was politically inevitable, and had, moreover, been communicated to Belgrade in advance. No nation independent of Moscow has diplomatic relations with the puppet East German regime. For Chancellor Adenauer to remain passive in the face of Tito's provocation would have implied acceptance of the Soviet thesis of "two Germanies" that can be reunited only by negotiating, as political equals, on Soviet terms.

Therefore, though there were grave practical considerations against it, Bonn had no choice but to break off its own relations with Yugoslavia. On October 19, Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, with sober dignity, announced and explained the formal break.

The issue now openly joined, affecting not Bonn and Belgrade only but the general equilibrium of world politics, is of inescapable concern to the United States. By his recognition of East Germany, Tito sheds the last—the very last—remnant of his foreign policy that distinguished it from Moscow's. Tito specifically expresses his oneness with the Soviet Union on what the Kremlin, under Tsar or Commissar, has always rated as in the last analysis the decisive question for Russia: "the German problem."



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By United States law as well as declared executive policy, American aid to Tito is predicated on a continuing Presidential finding that the foreign policy of Belgrade is *not* one with the foreign policy of Moscow. After this German move by Tito, is it conceivable that Mr. Eisenhower can persist in such a finding? Whatever the merits of past arguments over Titoism, is it not demonstrated to the last syllable that today such differences as there may be between Tito and the masters of the Kremlin are subordinate to their unity in foreign policy?

We hope that in the next Presidential press conference the reporters, so brash on many lesser subjects, will demand plain answers here. If the President declares that Tito is still "independent" of the Kremlin, and therefore still entitled by law to aid, let him be asked to name one proof, one smallest proof, of that independence. Independent on China? the Middle East? disarmament? Hungary? or, now, Germany?

But the breach between West Germany and Yugoslavia over the most vital of all possible issues for Germany spreads also into another political dimension. Beyond all disputes over Titoism, we are now confronted with a choice that, from the standpoint of world political realities, cannot be evaded. Adenauer or Tito? It has suddenly become just that simple. To continue with aid to Tito after the formal break between Yugoslavia and West Germany means to repudiate Adenauer, and to give indirect support to the Kremlin's aim of destroying Adenauer's person and policy.

Politically speaking, we can no longer have both Adenauer and Tito too. As of October 19 we can express our political solidarity with Adenauer only by joining him in his break with Tito. The State Department's pollsters, so sensitive to international reaction to all our domestic foibles, might note that the world will be watching very closely to see which of the two we choose.

## *Unseeing Eyes*

On October 15 the President called into secret consultation his Science Advisory Committee, in order to receive its estimate of Sputnik *et al.*, and its recommendations on what to do in order to further the endangered common defense. No public report was made of what, at that meeting, was said or not said.

According to the announcement of the meeting, the Committee numbered thirteen: Lloyd V. Berkner, Hans Bethe, Detlev W. Bronk, James B. Fisk, Caryl Haskins, Albert G. Hill, James R. Killian, Edwin Land, I. I. Rabi, Herbert Scoville, Jr., Alan T. Waterman, Jerome Wiesner, Jerrold R. Zacharias.

Who are these men whose current deliberations are so critically related to the nation's survival? What *kind* of advice, on the basis of their records, might they be expected to give?

These are in the first place men who in the field of physical science have become outstandingly successful as administrators and "public figures"—university presidents, institute directors, corporation executives—rather than as "working scientists." They have been more noted for vast statements on world policy than for the kind of creative achievements that distinguish, in contrast, the group associated with E. O. Lawrence at Berkeley.

No less than five of these Presidential advisers testified in favor of J. Robert Oppenheimer at the 1954 hearings that resulted in the withdrawal of his security clearance: Bethe, Hill, Fisk, Rabi, Zacharias. Zacharias was especially enthusiastic over Oppenheimer's "moral character." Fisk stated under oath, of Oppenheimer: "I know of no more devoted citizen in this country."

In 1950 Bethe and Rabi were, along with Oppenheimer, leading opponents of the proposal to develop an H-bomb.

Zacharias and Rabi (plus Oppenheimer and Charles Lauritsen) made up the notorious ZORC cabal, exposed in 1953 by *Fortune*. ZORC tried to promote passive continental air defense and its distant radar warning lines at the expense of the Strategic Air Command and offensive striking power. (The Soviet ICBM, then known to be under forced



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development, will presumably outmode what of these defensive systems were in fact constructed.)

Detlev Bronk, now of the Rockefeller Institute, was Chairman of the National Research Council when that body refused to continue its job of distributing AEC fellowships, after Congress had stipulated that recipients must get an FBI clearance. As President of Johns Hopkins University Dr. Bronk refused to turn his back on Professor Owen Lattimore.

I. I. Rabi succeeded Oppenheimer as Chairman of the AEC General Advisory Committee. Before his defense of Oppenheimer and his involvement in ZORC he became known to a wide public when, in 1946, he, Philip Jessup (of Institute of Pacific Relations fame) and others signed a letter to the *New York Times* calling on the United States to stop nuclear bomb production and to dump all U-235 into the ocean. Less known to the public has been Rabi's service as a scientific consultant to the State Department. His conduct in that post led certain other agencies of the government, when setting up a highly confidential project, to include an entire special security procedure to cut off all lines of communication to Rabi.

Well, there has been a great clamor since Sputnik about giving our scientists more rope and money. Just which scientists, we begin to wonder?

## *The Jag is Chronic*

The long statement put forward by the Democratic Advisory Council on the current economic situation boils down to one thing: an advocacy of cheap money. Well, under certain circumstances, there may be something to be said for mitigating the immediate dolor and distress of a hangover by imbibing a little more of the hair of the dog that bit you. But when you've been *living* on that hair for a generation?

What the Democratic Advisory Council has not told us is why money is ceasing to be cheap the world over, in social democratic countries like Sweden as well as in Macmillan's Britain or in the America of Eisenhower "conservatism." The ills of our own economy, which are part of the ills of a Keynesian world, so far antedate what the Democrats call the "Eisenhower inflation" that our money-managers are up against an almost impossible situation. The price level with which they are contending is the result of top-heavy taxes which have been built into commodity prices, a farm program which makes food expensive for everybody, the fostering of labor monopolies which have forced wages above the line of technological progress, and the continual emission of more and more inflationary paper of one sort or another which not only bids consumer prices up but pushes or lures more and more entrepreneurs into overexpansion of their plant.

We don't doubt that the nation is suffering from hangover. But what good is a pick-me-up when one is threatened not merely with discomfort but with the imminent possibility of cirrhosis of the liver?

## *Knowland Rides a Winner?*

Senator Knowland, flinging caution to the winds, has apparently decided that Bob Taft was right—if a bit premature—in thinking the reform of our labor laws is the No. 1 domestic concern of U.S. voters. As a Republican candidate for the governorship of California Knowland is sponsoring a state right-to-work law. California "labor"—meaning the bosses—is moving heaven and earth to sidetrack Knowland, but small towns in California have been passing their own local right-to-work laws, which gives some indication of the extent of the Knowland groundswell. On a national plane Knowland, committed to remaining in the U.S. Senate through 1958, is agitating for measures to guarantee internal union democracy, the honest custody of union funds, the prohibition of union political donations assembled by forcibly collected assessments, and the application of the anti-trust laws to union organizations.

What is truly astounding about all this is that at last, after twenty or more years during which no northern politician of consequence save Bob Taft dared take on the labor bosses, it appears that what Knowland advocates is about to become a winning issue.

Ironically, it is a Democrat, Senator McClellan of Arkansas, who has done the most with his investigation of labor rackets to create a climate of opinion favoring Knowland's aspirations. The McClellan hearings have gone incredibly deep. We wouldn't have believed it two months ago, but it has been proved at last—by thirteen dissident New York Teamsters—that a Federal District judge can be found to issue an order restraining palpably crooked union leadership from taking office by rigging a national election in defiance of the union's constitution. Judge F. Dickinson Letts of the U.S. District Court in Washington has refused to backtrack on his order which has kept Jimmy Hoffa and his gang from taking the helm in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Since counsel for the thirteen anti-Hoffa New York Teamsters has been able to quote extremely damaging material from the Hoffa gang's own Miami convention records, which were not totally destroyed before the McClellan Committee could subpoena them, it is difficult to see how a superior court can override Judge Letts. Hoffa might win the presidency of the Teamsters by legal means in a new election, but



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### *Suggested Quote for Next June's Valedictorian, Central High School, Little Rock, Arkansas*

"The practise of having two Kings in Sparta at the same time was maintained probably for the purpose of hindering the extreme development of autocracy, but it was the College of Ephors [the local Supreme Court] which was consciously designed to hold the Government within the bounds of constitutional limitations. . . . Here was certainly an early effort to reconcile Government with Liberty . . . as expressed in folk custom, popular custom. . . . Instead of being, as was originally intended, simply a check upon Government in behalf of customary rights, this College or Board of Ephors became in fact the Supreme Government. . . . *It was just as if the Supreme Court of the United States should ordain the enforcement of its interpretations of social conditions . . . as law, as many of our advocates of so-called 'Social Justice' are urging it to do. . . .*" [Italics ours.]

DEAN JOHN W. BURGESS, Columbia University, in *The Reconciliation of Government and Liberty,* 1915

he faces a wiretap charge and a possible contempt ruling, which could mean that he would have to direct his union from jail.

With all this to sustain him, Knowland, then, is riding high. But soft, sirs, whose are those footsteps echoing in the corridor? Can it be that Senator McClellan, who started the ball rolling with his committee, has his own Presidential aspirations? The 1960 pre-convention campaigns promise to be considerably more interesting than any we have had for a full generation. Since a cat-and-dog fight would truly put an end to the New-Fair Deal period, we look forward to the coming years with glee.

## *You Pays Your Money . . .*

Half a dozen corporations, with millions of venturesome dollars slung over their saddles, are snorting at the starting gate of "pay TV." Their owners claim that in a fair race their nags will give us a show that will keep us glued to our screens—all that and no commercials too.

The existing networks argue that pay TV is a nefarious plot to extract ten dollars a month from our pockets, and to destroy "freedom of the air"—one of our very latest constitutional rights.

Meanwhile the Federal Communications Commission, Supreme Court of the airwaves, refuses to give a verdict, though it has heard all arguments on both sides these past three years and more.

Why not, we ask, let the customers decide? Isn't that the *real* meaning of "economic freedom"? Give the pay-TV'ers their licenses. Then we'll see whether what they offer is worth the price of their punch card Open Sesames. And if it isn't, why, we can always turn the knob back—or off, for that matter.

## *Hic Jacet Arcturus Larsonus 1955-1957*

If yesterday you were Director of the United States Information Agency and today you are Special Assistant to the President for Something-or-Other, have you been kicked upstairs or down, promoted or demoted? On either showing, which of your successes or failures do you have to thank or blame: Your performance as Philosopher Laureate of the New Republicanism? The eloquent and profound passages you contributed to the President's speeches in the last campaign? That remark out in Hawaii about the New Deal being an alien philosophy? The combined arrogance and ignorance with which you defended USIA's budget in the congressional hearings a few months ago? Your undistinguished performance, back in the days before anybody ever heard of you, as Assistant Secretary of Labor? For that matter, which of these *were* failures, which successes? Where everybody fails, is not the man who fails most conspicuously a success?

These questions must, these days, lie heavily on the heart of Mr. Arthur Larson; and NATIONAL REVIEW, uniquely among the nation's publications, does not profess to know the answers to them. But it does know a thing or two that needs to be said in connection with them: First, that Congress will "get" any Director of USIA who deems his role that of apologizing for the United States abroad. Second, that that is just as it ought to be. Third, that *the* authentic symbol of the New Republicanism is, upstairs or down, today under wraps. Fourth, that this also is just as it should be.

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Our Contributors: FULTON LEWIS, JR. ("California Triangle") is too well known to require introduction to our readers. . . . PHILIP BURNHAM ("World Conference on Industry") was for many years an editor of *Commonweal.* . . . HUGH KENNER ("The Eminence of Mr. Eliot"), literary critic and essayist, is the author of *Wyndham Lewis, The Poetry of Ezra Pound,* and *James Joyce.* A selection of his essays will be published by McDowell-Obolensky.



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# NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

## *Why the Moon Is Red, II*

The U.S. did not put its moon up first, we noted last week, because the U.S. did not regard the moon as a weapon of war (cold or hot) against the Soviet Union. In the President's words, "We were doing it for science."

It is no exaggeration to say that the U.S. has also dedicated its guided missile program to science, and that that is why we are not getting an operational IRBM or ICBM ahead of the Soviets. Consider the missile program as a facet of the total U.S. effort against Communism, and for "science" read "service to mankind": Had the U.S. poured into its missile program a large part of the brains, money and purposiveness that have gone into "improving man's material lot" over the past ten years, the results might have been quite different.

Compare, for example, these two efforts. Millions of rubles, the best scientists available and total propaganda resources—for rockets. Millions of dollars, many of the best scientists available and total propaganda resources—for atomic reactors "for peace." The fact was hardly noticed, but almost simultaneously with Khrushchev's dramatic exploitation of Russia's missile achievements, the first general conference of the International Atomic Energy Agency met in Vienna. This was to have been the payoff for a vast U.S. propaganda effort dating back to the President's 1953 speech to the UN that launched the "atoms for peace" program. U.S. officials anticipated, moreover, a special propaganda bonus if Russia failed to match our gift to the agency of 5,000 kilograms of enriched uranium. When, at Vienna, the Russian delegate offered a piddling 50 kilograms, discouraged U.S. officials did not bother to comment.

The U.S. undoubtedly excels in development of atomic energy for peaceful uses. And the USSR undoubtedly excels in rockets for world conquest. U.S. officials now take it as fact that the Soviet Union has an operational IRBM in the 1,500 mile category—which means that from bases in Eastern Europe Soviet rockets can blanket all Europe, as well as the North African and Middle East areas in which U.S. air bases are located. (These same officials were also convinced in 1956, on the basis of Turkey-based radar trackings, that 800-mile Soviet IRBM's were ready for field units; no steps were taken to accelerate the U.S. program.) The U.S. may have completed tests on a 1,500 mile IRBM, the Army's Jupiter. But for reasons a congressional committee would want to get at, Jupiter has not apparently been ordered into production.

The highly touted 4,000-5,000 mile Soviet missile may not yet be ready for production; some U.S. officials profess doubt that it has been successfully steered into the designated 10-12 mile target area, as Moscow claims. But no one doubts that, in accuracy, it is far in advance of the American Atlas which on its next-to-last test was reportedly heading for the wrong continent when it fizzled into the ocean, and which on its last test, fizzled into the ocean before its course could be determined.

The real reason the U.S. is going down is that the U.S. has refused to consider itself at war. For some years it has been apparent that the Eisenhower Administration has been caught up in its own (and the Kremlin's) rhetoric. The President's "nuclear war is unthinkable" thesis has left our government with no alternative but to adopt the policy officially recommended to it by Moscow: peaceful competition. All of our foreign policies have been tailored to "competition." Foreign aid, atoms for peace, cultural exchanges—name one that does not fit the bill. While the Soviet Union has been waging a war of conquest, America has been "running for office out over the world." We have retained a military establishment much as a candidate retains a bodyguard or two on the possible but improbable chance that his opponent will play dirty. Worse still, our competitive picture is hopelessly defensive. The only contested ground in the world is non-Communist ground. Since the U.S. has renounced all intentions to free the Communist world, the only remaining question, by stipulation, is whether the Kremlin will Communize the free world.

Our peaceful competition policy—unwise before—is now, in the light of Soviet missile progress, reckless. Let us adopt the Administration's central assumption: that despite all our handicaps the chances of our winning the competition over the long pull are good. But let us assume further that the Kremlin shares this prognosis (if the arguments are compelling, the Russians must be affected by them too). What, then, may we expect the Russians to do next year, or the year after, should they find themselves momentarily possessed of a marginal weapon superiority—*i.e.*, the ability to destroy the U.S. without incurring unabsorbable retaliation? The prospect of the USSR achieving this decisive potential, even for a few months, must now be rated somewhere between a definite possibility and a probability. That is one danger.

Let us, however, be optimistic and suppose the U.S. catches up before push-button missile warfare becomes "operational." The world then will truly know a balance of nuclear terror. Yet nuclear equality does not leave *other* things equal. If nuclear weapons are truly neutralized, Russian preponderance in conventional modes of warfare, for the first time since Hiroshima, can make itself felt. This is why General LeMay was clearly perturbed last year (when air power was the subject) over the prospect of the Russians achieving "deterrent power" alongside our own. Mutual nuclear "deterrents" cancel each other out and leave an open field for the Red Army. That, in broad terms, is the second danger. To both dangers let us add our certain knowledge that Communism will push every advantage to the full.

If there is any gain in recent developments, it is this: The moral position of the U.S. has been clarified. The U.S. now has all the rights and obligations of a man confronted with imminent and deadly assault.



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# California Triangle

**Involved in California's 1958 gubernatorial fight are Knowland, Knight, Nixon—and the California delegation to the Republican Convention of 1960**

FULTON LEWIS, JR.

To the political sophisticate, Senator William Knowland's month-long ceremonial of barnstorming California before announcing for Governor may well have had its faint *odeur de jambon*. But it triggered a chain of political convolutions—involving the nation even more than California—that may be convoluting for a decade or more.

Bill Knowland (and partner Helen, his wife) are cognizant of this because they are masters of the actuarial, slide-rule school of politics. They play it like an international chess match; from this move evolves certain possibilities; from each of them, others. And finally, the mathematics works out to a calculated risk, which they have taken. The ante is high: surrender of the Senate Republican leadership in Washington. Obviously, however, they figure they have a pay-off proposition; otherwise, they wouldn't be in it.

Governor Knight, incumbent, has been scanning the skies fearfully for many months, for the black, funnel-shaped cloud that reason and rumor alike told him was destined to swoop in on his ordered political peacefulness. He has his fond dreams too, under particular stimulation by his own ambitious wife, Virginia. But in immediate reality, the problem is double what he had expected, because a second twister also looms, coincident with the first: Vice President Nixon. If he escapes the one, he is almost certain to fall victim to the other.

Goodwin ("Goodie") Knight is a dapper, local politician type of individual, suggestive of a sun-tanned daguerreotype of Harry S. Truman in his pre-Presidential days. He is a handshaker, a back-slapper, a convival person who might easily be an ex-vaudeville hoofer.

His tenure as Governor has a rather heavy pollen-count of carpetbag dust from the standpoint of orthodox Republicans. They were fed up with the ultra-liberalism of Earl Warren, and plumped Knight from the state bench into the Lieutenant Governorship, from which he graduated to Governor when Warren went to the Supreme Court in 1953. He was hardly established in the Sacramento Mansion before he was in bed with the labor bosses, and has been so ever since.

In his eleven years as a state judge and his early tenure as Lieutenant Governor, he had a magnificent and widely beloved gyroscope in the person of his first wife, Arvilla. After her sudden death he told many confidants that he was all but lost without her counsel and stabilizing influence. In 1954, however, he married a fluffy young brunette widow, Mrs. Virginia Carlson, after she pinned a Veterans' poppy on his lapel in a publicity stunt. The bride's mother—who has been in the prompter's box ever since—was a lower-level Republican worker, Mrs. E. B. Hershberger, who transfuses him with White House ambition, via Virginia, on a Big-Inch Pipeline basis.

Goodie Knight, even walking away from an election victory, is perpetually politicking for his next contest. I have never known anyone to accuse him of self-sacrificing statesmanship, but he has performed a lot of favors for a lot of people, large and small, and this pays off at the ballot box.

## *The Knowland Team*

William Fife Knowland, in most respects, is the precise antithesis of Knight.

His grandfather plodded the Overland Trail in 1857 from New York to San Francisco to pan for gold, and found it. He built an empire of lumbering, mining, shipping and banking. In 1873, a son, Joseph Russell Knowland, was born, who served five spectacular terms in the House of Representatives in Washington at the turn of the century. His son, the present Senator, was born in 1908 in Alameda where the whole family had settled down.

With young Bill, beginning with the sixth grade of public school, was Helen Herrick, the Prettiest Girl. They were sweethearts from then on. He saved enough for a wedding ring and in their senior high school year, on New Year's Eve 1926, the two eloped and that was it.

So the roots of this team go deep.

Bill and Helen Knowland were trained in the city room of the powerful *Oakland Tribune*, which father Joe bought in 1914 when he was defeated for the United States Senate. Joseph Knowland was Mr. Republican of northern California, which to all practical purposes was all of California in those days. Among his protégés was the Alameda County D.A., a young man named Earl Warren, whom Joe Knowland nursed along until 1943, when came an opportunity to move him into the Governor's chair, which he did. Thus, when the great Senator Hiram Johnson died in 1945, it was no miracle that Warren appointed Bill Knowland to the Senate seat to which the father had aspired. Warren was merely the pin in the hinge.

The following year, Knowland was re-elected on his own merit. By '52 he was among the recognized Republican brains of the Senate. The late Senator Taft turned increasingly to him, and left him his mantle in 1953, when he died.

Bill and Helen Knowland are traditional Republicans. Their philosophy is that he, being elected leader by the Senate Republican membership, is their representative and ambassador to the White House, and



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is not beholden to the President.

In leisure, he is as old shoe as she. With problems, which is often, he is likely to be prepossessed and introvert. In policies, he is unashamedly blunt, and ready to justify each in detail. He is unalterably opposed to Red China and, I believe, would like to see his friend Chiang Kai-shek given a chance to return to conquer

the mainland for freedom. He has no quarter for Communism, extravagance, pork barreling, or hypocrisy. Disagree you may with the beliefs of Bill and Helen Knowland, but no man can challenge their integrity or their conviction that they act in the best interest of the nation.

### *The Daring Young Man*

Of Richard M. Nixon, there is little that is left unsaid in the journalistic ex-rayings that have been done over ten years. He is the boy genius—still, privately, the same slightly diffident youth who in 1946 saw an ad in the home town paper while he was in New York looking for a job, and went back to California to be looked over by a "Committee of One Hundred" businessmen and civic leaders. They were tired of being represented by Eleanor Roosevelt's pseudo-intellectual Jerry Voorhis, the "invincible" incumbent. I remember the talks we had at the time, I and this foolish, daring young man who thought he could win. Jerry Voorhis has never been heard of in politics since.

Pat Nixon, in real life, is a person of quiet, even disposition, with a frailty about her beauty that is strictly belying. She has matched her husband's hedgehopping around the world without a falter and, withal, has held up her side superbly as a wife and a mother.

With this sonorous alliteration, then —Nixon, Knowland and Knight (say it to yourself)—is the gladiatorial arena of California concerned in 1958.

In order to make intelligent book, however, it is necessary to understand the eccentricities of California's unique election processes.

From the voter's standpoint, it is as elsewhere. He registers as a Democrat or a Republican, and votes only in the primary of his party. The candidate, however, registers in both primaries; thus, Knight will appear on both party ballots; so will Knowland; so will the prospective Democratic candidate, popular and personable Pat Brown (now Attorney General).

In the Senatorial primaries of 1952, for example, Bill Knowland swept both the Republican and the Democratic primaries, thus became the nominee of both parties, thus made the general elections in November an empty formality.

But it is not always so simple. The law requires that a candidate must win the nomination in his own party in order to be also the nominee of the other. In short, if a Republican candidate loses in the Republican primary, he is automatically ineligible to be the Democratic nominee even if he wins there. In such event, the Democratic State Central Committee selects a new nominee, and he cannot be any of the individuals who ran in the primary.

Superimposing this pattern on the gubernatorial race of next year, there are marrow-jarring possibilities for all concerned.

Two Republicans, Knight and Knowland, and one Democrat, Pat Brown, will be entered in both primaries.

A series of highly reliable private polls, backed by the opinion of the best political side-line analysts, has it that Knowland is a strong favorite over Knight among Republican voters. The big question in the GOP picture, however, is whether Pat Brown, a conservative, is going to draw strength from Knight or from Knowland. Logic suggests that it will be from the latter.

This tends to discount Knowland's vis-à-vis advantage over Knight, although it is extremely doubtful whether the Brown incursion will prove sufficient actually to defeat Knowland.

In the Democratic primary, Knowland would be expected to draw the conservative vote from Pat Brown, again to the advantage of Knight, but even if it resulted in a Knight victory it would do him no good if he lost the Republican primary. And it is noteworthy that while Knowland swept both primaries for the Senate in 1952, Knight was able to win only the Republican nomination when he last ran in 1954.

Despite these odds against him, Goodie Knight has been assiduously working the grapevine for months, sensing Knowland's intentions.

Early this year, his emissaries began showing up in Washington, and busying themselves in California, with long-faced laments that for Knowland to attempt the Governorship would wreck the Republican Party in California. Later, when Goodie and Virginia came East to the Governors' Convention in Richmond, Va., they side-tripped to Washington to advance the missionary work personally. It was all very transparent, clumsy, and a little juvenile.

If true, the logical answer would be for Knight to withdraw in favor of Knowland, and get Knowland's support for a six-year (instead of the gubernatorial four-year) term in

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Knowland's Senate seat in Washington. For good and sufficient reasons however, this does not fit into Goodie's pattern of tricks. The Presidential bee still buzzes, and whoever is Governor will control the vital statistics of 1960: California's GOP Convention delegation, second largest in the nation with 70 votes.

This is the real meat of the California picture.

## *The Real Issue—1960*

Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory, is a fleeting creature so far as the public is concerned; else there would be no doubt of Bill and Helen Knowland's Presidential aspirations.

In the days after Ike's coronary, when his future political intentions were suspended in never-never land, Knowland frankly declared himself as a conditional Presidential candidate, and actually entered Presidential primaries in a number of states. When Mr. Eisenhower finally decided to run, Knowland scratched himself, but his ultimate intention had been clearly established.

In short, the real issue in California is not 1958's Governorship, but 1960's Presidential nomination, and in this connection, along with Knowland and Knight, the third 'N,' Nixon, has a proprietary interest.

As against Knight, Dick Nixon is openly supporting Knowland, with understandable reasons of the heart. The ghosts of the Cow Palace in August of 1956, when Knight teamed with Harold Stassen, Paul Hoffman and the other surrealist Republicans to implant political death between Nixon's shoulderblades, are still stalking.

Also, Bill and Helen were near patron saints to Richard and Patricia Nixon from the time the latter arrived in Washington in 1946. It was an unpolished, awkward, bashful pair, and the Knowlands took them by their little warm hands and helped them on their way. The sponsorship was invaluable, and Richard Nixon does not forget.

Furthermore, it was Knowland who engineered the Vice-Presidential nomination for Nixon at Chicago in 1952, and again in 1956. Among Goodie Knight's various undermining expeditions was a campaign through the anti-Nixon fraternity of political writers and columnists, to portray a feud between the two, but it was a phony, and is today. I have seen the statuesque Helen and the nicely immaculate Pat deliberately seek each other out at public affairs and make a point of confidentializing, by way of torpedoing the gossip.

But while Dick Nixon is supporting Bill Knowland for the Governorship, his lieutenants follow up with the friendly caution that this is for 1958 and the Governorship only. Nineteen-sixty is something else again; Nixon wants that firmly understood.

All of which suggests the unsound conclusion that as of the GOP Convention, three years hence, the two will be at each other's throats. But on this there is tacit understanding.

It would seem that if Nixon succeeds in helping Knowland become Governor, he will be serving Knowland the control of the California delegation on a silver platter. This is true, but the result is not as conclusive as it would seem.

If the two come into the Convention with Knowland holding only his California delegation, but Nixon having won a considerable outside delegation strength in preferential primaries and state convention commitments, Bill Knowland would appear ridiculous and gauche to try to retain Nixon's home-state delegation for himself. He wouldn't do it. He probably couldn't. The delegation would bolt.

On the other hand, if Knowland goes in with a massive outside strength, in addition to the California delegation, Dick Nixon is not the sort to repudiate the past and stand in the way. Thanks to Knowland, he will have had his place in the sun for eight politically profitable years, and he will be, even then, only forty-seven years old—a mere stripling, as Presidential ages go. Bill Knowland will be only fifty-two.

## *Target Date 1964?*

Which, in turn, implants a haunting suspicion in my own mind, which somehow refuses to be downed.

Goodie Knight has tried to make much of the theory that Knowland wants the Governorship only as a steppingstone, to hold for two years and then abandon for the Presidential nomination. With this charge I am unimpressed; experience dictates that the voters are unimpressed too. If their Governor is able to graduate to the Presidency, they're for it, regardless of how long he has been in office. But this is unimportant.

The significant fact is that both Nixon and Knowland are so unconcerned about the whole business. Knowland brushes it off by saying

that he has no crystal ball and can't foretell the events of 1960, but his present intentions do not go beyond November 1958.

What with Modern Republicanism, schisms and counter-schisms, Little Rock, the Budget, the Russian Sputnik and golf, there is an ever-increasing phalanx of political sages who are convinced that it would require the Holy Trinity as the Republican ticket in 1960, to win.

True, the Democrats have a talent for suicide. They could name another Stevenson, or a Reuther. In such event, the cards would be stacked for a Republican victory by default. But otherwise, I sense that the target date for Nixon and Knowland alike is 1964 rather than 1960. Nixon would still be only fifty-one, Knowland, barely fifty-six; the additional maturity would be helpful to both.

The course of real political acumen would be to let Sherman Adams—who is busily building his own king-making apparatus for 1960—prevail in the national Convention with one of his modernist stooges, and get thoroughly clobbered, once and for all. This would eliminate the playboy amateurs, and could return the National Republican organization to the traditionalists who support Nixon and Knowland.

It could very well happen. After all, wise politics, like Chinese philosophy, cannot be rushed.



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## Letter from Abroad

# *Roman Household*

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

I am very ignorant of Italy. If anyone had told me eighteen years ago that these words would one day cross my lips I'd have replied, Sure, and the cow will jump over the moon. For I was quite certain that Italy withheld no secrets from me—how could it, when Father had willed otherwise? For six weeks we did Italy, in 1939, under my father's supervision. We being my mother, a brace of sisters, a Russian (White) chauffeur-aesthete we picked up in Paris (we gave up the practice of segregated meals shortly after we espied Bibikoff sharing *his* dinner table with Alfonso XIII); an Italian guide (a bewhiskered, stiffbacked, venerable old count, who mourned the fact that he had so long outlived his beloved countess, the opera singer Ella Russell); our French governess; and our music teacher. We peered down the crater of Vesuvius, ate fettucine at Alfredo's, climbed the tower of Pisa, stared at the mosaics at Ravenna, memorized the pictures at the Uffizi, conversed—wide-eyed—with the newly-installed Pope; and left the country secure in the knowledge that, on the subject of Italy, we were, each one of us, an authority.

And now I am back; and, as I say, essentially ignorant of the country and, moreover, unable to communicate even the most primitive message in Italian. But things have a way of opening up for you in Europe, even if you are as lackadaisical about things as my wife and I are. Sure enough, in Gibraltar we bumped into an American family on the way to Rome to spend the year, the purpose being to send their seventeen-year-old daughter and twelve-year-old son to Italian schools. Fentress Kuhn is an Idaho rancher, an active Republican who ran a few years ago for the Senate and got beat, and a genial and intelligent man. He both graduated from Yale and speaks to me; and what is more, he reads—and even, from time to time, agrees with—NATIONAL REVIEW. At dinner with him and his beautiful wife I found myself seated beside a Roman lady who, conversation revealed, is a member of a remarkable household.

Sofia Espantada grew up in the company of the mighty. Her playmates included young Prince Umberto, King for a few months after the war, and deposed in 1946 when the Italians, in part due to pressure by Communists and State Department ideologists, voted in the Republic. She knew Mussolini socially; indeed, he was an honorary usher at her wedding in 1925 and she was a guest at his daughter's wedding to Count Ciano. (She disapproves of pretty much everything Mussolini did after 1936.)

Signora Espantada, handsome and spirited, spoke zestfully about politics and world affairs and explained that on such occasions as that in which we found ourselves she was given to letting off steam because, by common consent, politics were not discussed in her household. Indeed, I was to learn, politics in her household, as in Italy, tend to be sundering.

Here is the trouble: Signora Espantada is a monarchist and a "traditionalist." She points out that there are no less than two monarchist parties in Italy (one of them did splendidly earlier this year in a by-election by distributing left shoes to the electorate and promising to distribute matching right shoes if elected), and that conceivably, after next spring's election, the Christian Democrats, who are not expected to win an absolute majority, will turn to them for help: which would mean brighter days for Italian monarchists.

Her husband, Rodolfo Espantada, a lawyer by profession, is a Radicale. To tell the truth, I forget just what a Radicale is, but I remember 1) that there are five members of the central committee, and three schools of thought; 2) that the Radicales are not very radical; and 3) that they are not a bit numerous (one member in the Chamber of Deputies).

Helena, the youngest of two girls, is 23, and pronouncedly Liberal. She is unaffiliated with any political party, and refused to tell her family whom she voted for in the last election ("It's a secret ballot, isn't it?"). She frowns on the conservatism of her older sister, who is a monarchist; but greatly admires, though she is a little apprehensive about the lengths to which he goes, the politics of her 27-year-old brother.

Luigi Espantada eats capitalists for breakfast. He writes regularly for a radical socialist highbrow fortnightly. I did not meet Luigi (he takes his finals in medicine this week, and was off cramming), and I feel somewhat a *voyeur* in reporting that he has in his bedroom framed pictures of Lenin and Stalin, and in his shelves, books to match. He is not a member of the Communist Party, but one gets the impression he would be but for the automatic excommunication he would incur should he take that step—Luigi is a devout Catholic. He is convinced that the future is socialism's; he deplores Russian cruelties—I suspect in much the same language in which Liberal intellectuals deplored Russian cruelties in the thirties—but then, What about the Negro situation in the South? . . .

That is why the Espantada family does not discuss politics. The son undoubtedly suspects his parents of vestigial Fascism; They in turn marvel that anyone of his intelligence should be so utterly bamboozled. And, with it all, they love one another dearly.

As the Espantada household gets along, so the nation gets along. There are those of us who feel that no nation can get on for very long with a Communist minority the size of Italy's. The Espantadas have trans-political ties that bind them together: and—all important—the son has not rejected the final philosophical substratum that holds up the entire family, the belief in Christianity. But is Italy—a disparate country of disparate people, so recently united into a single nation—tied together strongly enough to resist the batterings of the largest Communist Party in Western Europe? Or will she come undone? The Espantadas, vexed though their situation is, are one up on Italy; and my guess is that their hotel for diverse political faiths will outlast Italy's.



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# World Conference on Industry

**World business leaders, at San Francisco, agreed that a mixed economy was essential today and that its public sector would obligingly wither away**

PHILIP BURNHAM

The meeting in San Francisco, October 14-18, sponsored by Time-Life International and the Stanford Research Institute, was an extraordinarily personal sort of assembly for this day and age. The 550 business powers who came from 61 countries gathered as individuals, not as delegates of great state and private institutions.

The men invited to come and those invited to speak were men of private enterprise, the most powerful and articulate, presumably, whom the sponsors could find around the globe. The most important exception was Vice President Nixon, and there were many partial exceptions who had, in addition to private interests, government positions at home, or leadership in public and quasi-public economic institutions. But the recognized legitimate aim of nearly all of these men, also, was to promote the private economies of their own nations and the world.

"The central theme of the Conference—industrial investment," the hosts declared in their announcement, "covers all forms of investment, domestic and foreign, made by government or private enterprise (with or without government assistance) which contribute through industrial development to beneficial use of resources, greater employment, business diversification, and economic strength."

The deliberate focus of the Conference, as well as the background of the participants, made the private investment of capital from "developed" countries in the private enterprise of "undeveloped" countries the principal preoccupation. The requirements which capital-importing countries must meet in order to attract foreign capital were examined at considerable length. What is necessary in industrially "developed" countries in order to raise and channel private capital to the "frontier economies" received probably less, but no less acute consideration.

The assumptions behind the more practical addresses and discussions had to be numerous, and they could not, for the most part, be set forth fully and philosophically in the scope of the Conference itself. Several of these assumptions, however, which were more or less clearly reflected in various speeches and in smaller discussions, are probably more interesting over the long term than the more definite measures proposed for immediate consideration and action.

## *The Motive Force*

It was assumed, first of all, that there is universal concentration upon the material standard of living. There is a basic, fundamental drive throughout the world to raise the lower standards of living. This is the widest, most powerful motive in contemporary history, it was understood, and all thought and action must be fitted to this absolute. Dr. A. Eugene Staley of Stanford Research dealt with this premise in his paper, "The Revolution of Rising Expectations":

> The rising demands of the people . . . cannot be achieved merely by the introduction of a few machines; it requires along with machines, a deep-going transformation in methods of work, in methods of organizing economic life, in education, in administration, even in social institutions like the family and religion. . . . There is now in many countries a strong motive force, which if it can be harnessed and guided by wise leadership, will pull societies out of the mire of ancient customs onto the road of modern economic development.

Speakers from the poor countries all reinforced this quite tremendous metaphysical thesis. The remarkably broad-visioned and eloquent M. R. Masani, industrialist and member of parliament in India, noted the enormous and still growing gulf between the living standard of Indonesian and American workers (1:53 in 1949), and the same approximate disparity between America and Africa and Asia. It is "an explosive situation":

> If the ancient resignation of these people to their poverty had continued, perhaps this state of affairs, though sad, would not have been of crucial significance to the world as a whole. A new element has, however, entered into this chronic situation, and that is the replacing of this old resignation by a vague but general resentment against such a state of affairs. . . . This "charging of old need with new desire" has created a truly explosive situation. A giant is awakening from his slumber and stretching his arms.

This thesis of the primary drive for a higher material life may be summed up by Vice President Nixon's restatement, which introduces, also, a second assumption that seemed almost as universal at San Francisco: "These people are now in revolution, not a political revolt, but a world revolution of people's expectations—the assertion by all peoples of their claim to a greater share of the world's goods. The spirit of this revolution is evoked by two words, growth and industrialization, with the almost universal belief that the second is the key to the first."

Industrialism, and large-scale mass industrialism, seemed to be a completely and solely accepted tool of action for the Conference. The sponsor's announcement said the Conference would "cover both large- and small-scale industry," but in fact only once did the small-scale make the record. Otherwise, all the thought and words devoted to production and distribution and to financial and human investment were turned altogether to big industry—big organization. The extremely sympathetic and clear-speaking A. H. Ebtehaj of Iran, for example, told of hopes and efforts in



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his country to replace "family enterprise" by a broader, shareholding, corporate system. The German industrialist, Berthold Beitz, chairman of the huge Krupp concerns in the Ruhr, called for still larger aggregates of industry "for financing and for supplies" in meeting the development needs of underdeveloped nations: calling together in joint effort great concerns from the different Western industrial nations the way contractors were linked in building the great dams of the American West.

Mr. H. V. R. Iengar, Governor of the Reserve Bank of India, was the only speaker to exhibit active respect for the "artisan whom we call the small-scale industrialist, a person who operates with perhaps five or ten people. . . . We have every hope that . . . we will have, spread through the country, a network of small industries, operating in small towns in the midst of rural surroundings and without that chronic bane of large-scale industry in India, the city of slums."

It is impossible to know if the others have all simply lost sight of small and personal business, or if they have all positively rejected it.

One assumption, perhaps the opposite side of the coin, which the tremendously able and successful businessmen at the Conference made, is interesting psychologically, with a certain charm of unconscious humility. They assume an adequate world supply of eager, able, energetic and profit-hungry entrepreneurs. But this does not go without saying. It was noted, we have seen, that for centuries whole populations maintained an almost suicidally negative attitude toward the potentialities of material production and acquisition.

Despite some concern expressed in detail, and passing general recognition, such as Vice President Nixon's, that there is a "world shortage of capital," the whole Conference was predicated on the continued existence of "capital surplus areas." The problem of how to make this assumed surplus in a specific area an effective instrument of investment for capital-poor regions was considered at length. This was in connection, mainly, with the requirements placed upon capital-exporting countries. Mr. Marcus Wallenberg, the Swedish banker, spoke most interestingly of this problem in an address entitled, "The High Cost of Money." Nevertheless, it seemed tacitly assumed that a capital surplus will always exist in some enlightened nation for the benefit of the "underdeveloped." Everyone can certainly join in the hope, but not every indication proves the certainty. The virulence of various sorts of inflation, for instance, was demonstrated seriously to threaten useful capital formation, and various sorts of political programs which entail economic vivisection. There is even the biological threat to such a surplus, described by Dr. Kingsley Davis in an opening address on "The World Population Explosion."

## *Free World Unity*

An effective sentiment for some sort of world economic solidarity was expressed or assumed by all participants—one world, that is, outside the the Communist System. "America can never again live in isolation," the Vice President affirmed. "Either we march into the future, together with other free nations, into a world of peace and prosperity, or we decline into obscurity and failure, as a people who had not the vision to see the world as it is, or who had not the courage to face up to duty."

Although perhaps not so ringingly announced by other members of the Conference, international solidarity must have been the assumption of all there or they would not have come. A working unity was accepted tacitly by everybody. George Meany reasserted the policy of organized US Labor in favor of complex and compound American private and public assistance and free world united efforts, and he asked Americans not to play down their idealism in helping others. Mr. Masani in a sense summed up the general attitude, and assumed "motives of self-interest, considerations of national and international security, the sentiment of altruism or a combination of all three. . . . I should like to think that what really actuates these great projects is Fraternity, the desire to share with one whose need is greater than one's own, and that its foundation is Love which is conscious of another's worth."

No one, of course, will avow a disregard for the rest of the world, or an indifference to the claims of whole nations of people most desperately poor. In meeting those inescapable claims of charity, certainly, and of justice most likely, different means are selected, and, as we see, certain assumptions are made deliberately and unconsciously. It is interesting to note among the consensus assumptions of the leading private businessmen of the world the axiom that the nations of the free world have, and are to have, a mixed economy with a public or state "sector," and a free or "private sector."

From the keynote address of Eugene R. Black, President of the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development, to the end, the acceptance and assumption of a mixed economy not only prevailed, but was accepted implicitly and explicitly so completely that no dissenting voice could be heard from any of the five continents or 61 nations or 550 capitalists. They were practical men, and most of them thoroughly subtle men. Mr. Black, who is both, said, "I am as impatient with those theologians of capitalism who preach that private capital can meet all the world's development needs as I am with those theologians of socialism who preach that only state enterprise can satisfy today's demands."

Herman J. Abs, leading banker in the astonishingly successful and consistent free economy of West Germany, and advocate of an international Magna Carta for free enterprise in the undeveloped capital-import countries, still agrees that parliaments and taxpayers must make foreign investments available during the present world situation.

All the businessmen from the underdeveloped countries took for granted an imposing public sector in their economies, even while giving their own greater enthusiasm to the private sector. "With all my appreciation of the values of free enterprise and my opposition to encroachment by the State," Mr. Masani said for many of them, "I would urge the necessity for elasticity and tolerance and the eschewing of that kind of economic determinism that has been described as 'Chamber of Commerce Marxism.' "

His fellow Indian (for undoubtedly the Indians especially had to sell their country's mixture of "sectors" and tolerance for the private), Mr. Iengar

(*Continued on p. 400*)



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**Letter from Westminster**

# *The Coming Struggle for Outer Space*

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

TV utilized a break in a Braves-Yankees broadcast to amplify the first, skeptical announcement of a day or so before that Sputnik really was up there. Listening to the somewhat breathless confirmation ("it says: 'Beep! Beep!' ") I laughed. Neighbors, who happened to be present, asked why. I could only answer: "I find the end of the world extremely funny." "What's funny about that?" one asked. What could I answer: that men always defy with laughter what they can do absolutely nothing else about? Beyond that, any explanation I attempted would have been as puzzling as my reaction seemed.

I think I should have had to begin something like this. In 1923, I was sitting in a restaurant on the Kurfuerstendamm, in Berlin. What did the mark then stand at—40 million to the dollar? The exact ratio of catastrophe is unimportant. In Germany, inflation had wiped out all small and middle bank accounts, and the value of all wages, pensions, payments, as completely and inexplicably as if the top floor of a skyscraper had collapsed and dropped the whole nation to the ground. Germany, in 1923, was a madhouse of stunned, desperate, tormented millions.

On the sidewalk beyond my table, there walked past a handsomely dressed, extremely dignified woman. It would miss something to say that she was crying. Tears were streaming down her face—tears which she made no effort to conceal, which, in flowing, did not even distort her features. She simply walked slowly past, proudly erect, unconcerned about any spectacle she made. And here is what is nightmarish: nobody paid the slightest attention to her. The catastrophe was universal. Everybody knew what she signified. Nobody had anything left over from his own disaster to notice hers.

She became one of my symbols of history in our time. About this unknown, slowly walking, weeping woman, as about certain other things, no more momentous, that were around me in those days, I came to feel at length as Karl Barth said of something else: "At that moment, I found my hand upon the rope, and the great bell of prophecy began to toll." I began then (along with thousands of others) to draw certain conclusions about the crisis of history in this time that I can merely sketch in like this: 1) the crisis was total (in the end, none would be spared its lash); 2) its solution would fill the lifetime of my generation and the next ones; 3) the one certainty about the solution was that the stages by which it was reached must be frightful, whatever the solution itself turned out to be.

## *A New Dimension*

Does it sound wildly irrational to say that, when the newscaster broke into the ball game, I also laughed because that woman walked again across my mind's eye? It is so. With her began the prophecy; the circling of the scientific moon was implicit in her slow walk-past (though neither she nor I could know that). Yet to have lived with this prospect of reality for more than thirty years, and to have been unable to communicate it convincingly to others—that is the heart of loneliness for any mind. Cassandra knew.

It works out, too, in the simplest, most immediate ways. As soon as my wife and I were alone, I said: "They still do not see the point. The satellite is not the first point. The first point is the rocket that must have launched it." Of course, the scientists and the military chiefs grasped this obvious implication at once. But it took three or four days for anybody to say so, in my hearing.

In short, the struggle for space has been joined: But this was only the immediate, military meaning. Widen it with this datum: the satellite passed over Washington, sixty miles away. One minute later, it passed over New York. We have entered a new dimension. Like Goethe after the battle of Valmy, we can note in our journals: "From this day and from this place, begins a new epoch in the history of the world; and you can say that you were there."

There is a wonderful passage in the Journal of the Goncourt Brothers, wonderful, in part, for its date, which cannot be later than 1896. I shall not be able to quote it exactly from memory, but it goes much like this: "We have just been at the Academy, where a scientist explained the atom to us. As we came away, we had the impression that the good God was about to say to mankind, as the usher says at four o'clock at the Louvre: 'Closing time, gentlemen.' " None of us supposes that this moon means closing time. None of us can fail to see, either, that closing time is a distinct possibility. Again, the point is not that we do not yet have the ICBM fully developed; we will. The point is that the new weapons are, of their nature, foreclosing weapons, and, whether or not they are all presently in our hands, too, they are in the hands of others over whom we have no control. That is what I meant by "end of the world." Only those who do not know, or who do not permit their minds to know, the annihilative power of the new weapons, will find anything excessive in the statement. "Nine H-Bombs dropped with a proper pattern of dispersal" was a figure given me, three or so years ago, as the number required to dispose of "everything East of the Mississippi River." Whether the figure is accurate to a bomb or a square mile is indifferent. Any approximation of it speaks for itself.

## *Will to Inconsequence*

Unlike Goethe, I doubt that any of us can feel a particular elation in being able to say: "And you were there." I suspect that about the best we can muster will be like the historic first words said to have been uttered by the King of Greece, on landing there after the German occupation in World War II and the ruinous civil war. "Nice weather for this time of year, isn't it?"



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In those words, the end of dynastic Europe is, once for all, self-proclaimed. Their staggering inconsequence is not stupidity, but something much more final: the inability of a mind any longer to feel or know the reality which, by position, it should be shaping. Such a mind is no longer equal to the meaning of what is happening to it or to anybody else. Is not this condition growing on all of us? Is there not a deliberate will to inconsequence—a will not to know, not to see, the dimensions of what we are caught up in—a will to make ourselves, and our vision, small, in the child's hope that, if we work hard enough at it, we can make the tremendum enclosing us as small as we are? Perhaps, if we do not look, it will go away, leaving us with the Edsel and the split-level house. How else explain the fact that, born into a century unprecedented in scale, depth and violence of disruption (the two world wars and the new energy sources are instance enough), we nevertheless manage so successfully not to know its total meaning, but to see its shock piecemeal, as a disjointed, meaninglessly recurrent hodgepodge? The attitude is fixed in a habit of minimizing complacency, commonly couched as a posture of strength. But since it does not conform to the scale of real events, it is irrational, and leads, invariably, to those equally irrational spasms of extravagant jitter or extravagant optimism (such a wave as swept the West after the Geneva Summit Conference), whose inevitable recession in the face of the facts, plunges us into deepest puzzlement.

It is a late and tired habit of mind, which we seek to glorify by twining about it the rather dry and lifeless vine-leaves called: reasonableness, the calm view, common sense, the injunction never, under any circumstances, to feel strongly about anything (which, among other things, is blighting the energy of our youth at the source). "I believe," the little old man of twenty-one who was his college's most brilliant political science major, explained to me, "that the tendency, nowadays, is to see everything quantitatively." "Yes," agreed the Fulbright fellow who was with him, neither approving nor disapproving, merely baffled, but, above all, by my extraordinary question: "Doesn't the student mind ever get excited about anything any more?" It is a positive will not to admit or permit greatness in event or men. But, since will itself implies a suspect energy, it takes form as a vague distaste, discomfort, distrust, relieved by a preference for the commonplace, the conforming, the small, the minutely (hence safely) measurable, the quantitative—method and dissection replacing life and imagination.

## *Imagination*

Whatever else Sputnik is or means, the handwriting that it traces on our sky writes against that attitude the word: Challenge. It means that, for the first time, men are looking back *from outside,* upon those "vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world" which Arnold reached in imagination. In imagination—which is the creative beginning of everything (God Himself had first to imagine the world), the one indispensable faculty that has brought man bursting into space from that primitive point of time he shamblingly set out from. That breakthrough (all political considerations apart) touches us with a little of the chill of interstellar space, and perhaps a foreboding chill of destiny—a word too big with unchartable meanings to be anything but distasteful to our frame of mind. For it is inconceivable that what happens henceforth in, and in consequence of, space, will not also be decisive for what happens on the earth beneath. In short, Sputnik has put what was useful and effective in method and dissection once more at the service of imagination. It is the war of imagination that, first of all, we lost. It is in terms of imagination that the Russians chiefly won something. The issue has only been joined. Nothing is final yet. But it is joined in space, and it is at that cold height that henceforth we will go forward, or go nowhere. There is no turning back.

Before this illimitable prospect, humility of mind might seem the beginning of reality of mind. As starter, we might first disabuse ourselves of that comforting, but, in the end, self-defeating, notion that Russian science, or even the Communist mind in general, hangs from treetops by its tail.

## THE ECONOMY OF SECTORS

(*Continued from p. 398*)

of Bombay, pointed out that although "certain industries are reserved for the public sector . . . the public sector of industry in India accounts for not more than 3 per cent of the total investment. . . . In fact, the private sector is playing a dominant role in Indian economy and is bound to play a dominant role in future."

Repeatedly members of the Conference, particularly those from the least developed nations, expressed not only the hope, but the present assumption, that the public and private realms of their economies are complementary and reciprocally helpful. It is the rules of conduct and the lines of demarcation of the two sectors which all the men at the San Francisco Conference appear to consider still open for formulation, negotiation, and refinement. How to formulate and negotiate and refine the boundaries and rules was, indeed, the principal burden of the week's conference. At the beginning Mr. Black pointed out that free capital for free investment will not be moved for the development of the underdeveloped world until the issues are satisfactorily settled. "Nevertheless, some governments persist in stifling private enterprise by pre-empting whole areas of economic activity to themselves, or simply by failing to make up their minds whether or not to let private enterprise do a job it is willing to do."

There was, indeed, evidence put forward during the week which warns that investment capital will not develop at all for any growth in any sector until the question of sectors meets steadier answers. But the consensus of the Conference was optimistic: that answers are to be found, practical and profitable to undeveloped countries and to a free world.

Finally, the expectation was expressed that as time goes on, and the undeveloped countries develop, then the public sector of economy will wither, and the free, private sector increase. With a perfect overturn of traditional socialist eschatology, the International Industrial Development Conference placed the socialist economy of the public, state sector in a primitive position gradually to be superseded and peacefully displaced by the free private enterprise of an automatically richer future.



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# The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

## *Reflections on Sputnik*

Sputnik proves, we are being told in an excited and sometimes hysterical rhetoric, that the Communists already have, as we do not yet have, the strategically decisive long-range missiles. But what does "having" missiles mean? Does it mean that a certain number of test or "prototype" missiles have been put together, in one way or another, and that some of these have been fired a long distance? And if so, with what ease in launching, with what degree of accuracy, with or without active warheads?

Or does it mean that a standardized missile model is in actual quantity production? And if in production, at what stage?—tooling up, sub-assembly, or actually coming off the final lines?

Or does it mean that considerable numbers of one or more missile models are now in the hands of military units trained and equipped for their use, with access to properly located launching sites or vehicles?

These distinctions are not quibbles. The different phases they designate are years apart; and in a strategic contest time is of the essence.

### *What is a Missile?*

Missiles are best thought of not as "weapons" but as "weapon systems." A long-range missile is not a "thing" like a rock or a hunk of iron, but an assemblage of tens of thousands of complicated parts. A few prototype missiles could be pieced together by ingenious scientists and engineers—as a mechanic can build an auto in his backyard. But to manufacture missiles in significant quantity presupposes an elaborate, far-reaching organization of production facilities. To use them for effective operations requires, in addition, a large, specialized military structure.

The ability to blast a piece of metal 5,000 miles is only one portion of a functioning long-range missile system, and it is only with respect to this portion that we have any reason to believe that the Communists may be ahead. Can the missiles be brought down on target? Even with all the fancy modern aiming devices, there are still many more artillery misses than hits at fifteen miles, so at 5,000 it doesn't look so simple. The Soviet Union is notoriously inferior in the delicate instruments used for aerial orientation and control. In fact, the Soviet scientists recently requested a set of American instruments to put in one of their own future moons.

The nuclear warhead and its casing pose a whole new dimension of problems. In nuclear devices, our lead remains large.

If everything is solved in prototype, this may not be suited to quantity production; or it may be relatively crude, so that freezing production on the current model might only guarantee inferiority to the enemy a few years from now—as the Nazi air force discovered when it met the British Spitfires.

### *Manned and Unmanned*

Khrushchev, in his hearty way, says that the Soviet ICBM and moon prove manned aircraft to be obsolete. No doubt he thus expresses his wish that our Strategic Air Command did not exist; or his suggestion that we should liquidate it. ("You might as well throw [your bombers] on the fire," he advised James Reston.)

It is wise to foresee the future, but not at the cost of obscuring the present. If the future belongs to the ballistic missile, the decisive weapon of today and tomorrow is still the manned aircraft. There is no intercontinental range ballistic missile system in operation, and there is not going to be for at least several years to come.

Moreover, it is not certain that missiles will ever altogether replace manned aircraft. Even for strategic bombing, a combination of missiles and manned aircraft would seem to be the most formidable and flexible mode of attack. Troops and equipment will continue to be airborne. If there comes to be (or is thought to be) a "missile stalemate," then many sorts of manned aircraft will be relevant for the conduct of local and limited wars.

Is it reasonable that Khrushchev should be offering us information and advice for *our* benefit? Or may it not rather be that Khrushchev's insistence on the obsolescence of manned aircraft is a psychological thrust by which he seeks to counter the fact that in the SAC we now have—in capability—the *presently* decisive strategic weapon? Are not his remarks just part of the campaign of intimidation by which he tries to break the will of his opponents?

### *The Scapegoat Ghost*

If you read the ditorials of the post-Whitney *Herald Tribune*, or almost any column of the Liberal Establishment, you will have learned who is responsible for our losing the moon-race. It is, of course, Senator Joe McCarthy. McCarthy hounded J. Robert Oppenheimer out of government service. As a result all able scientists were alienated. Many withdrew from government projects; those who stayed were so terrorized and so smothered in security regulations that they could accomplish little. (Cf. Herblock's post-moon cartoons.) Ergo, we lost the race.

This is the indictment. It will be pressed, and linked to proposals for rehabilitating Oppenheimer and his ideological companions, dropping secrecy, and so on.

This is surely the most preposterous of all the preposterous consequences of Sputnik.

So what our scientists need, in order to get our moons and missiles off the ground faster, is the sweet air of freedom that is breathed by all workers in the Soviet vineyard? Open experiments openly arrived at, such as the Communist procedures in building and launching Sputnik? To plan crash programs for the latest in superior military devices, we want the man who, by his own admission, fought hardest to *prevent* initiation of of an H-bomb program?



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# ARTS and MANNERS

MORRIE RYSKIND

## *Reflections from Bedlam*

The news that I have finally been committed to an institution for the mentally deficient will not be too surprising to many of my critics, who indeed have been predicting—and urging—such a move for over twenty years. The O. Henry twist lies in the fact that this time I went willingly, without employing any of the legal shenanigans that had hitherto blocked the wheels of justice.

It was in the mid-thirties that I first began to suffer from hallucinations of a world-wide conspiracy, and took to seeing Communists not only under the bed but also in the schools, the clergy, the newspapers, the CIO, the government, and even, God help me, in the movie colony. A Citizens Committee foresaw the danger to society and called for confinement even then, but the apathetic American public could not be roused from its lethargy. It was not until 1940, when I committed the Final Overt Act against American Liberalism by voting against the Third Term, that actual proceedings were instituted. But the brilliant tactics of the shyster lawyer I engaged (under his skillful guidance, I took not only the Fifth, but *all* the twenty-one then-existing Amendments), together with the testimony of two crooked alienists who testified I was harmless (not to mention the three jury members I bribed) got me a split verdict and I beat the rap. Had the war not come along, the case might have been continued. But, at the moment, Hitler seemed more dangerous than I. First things first.

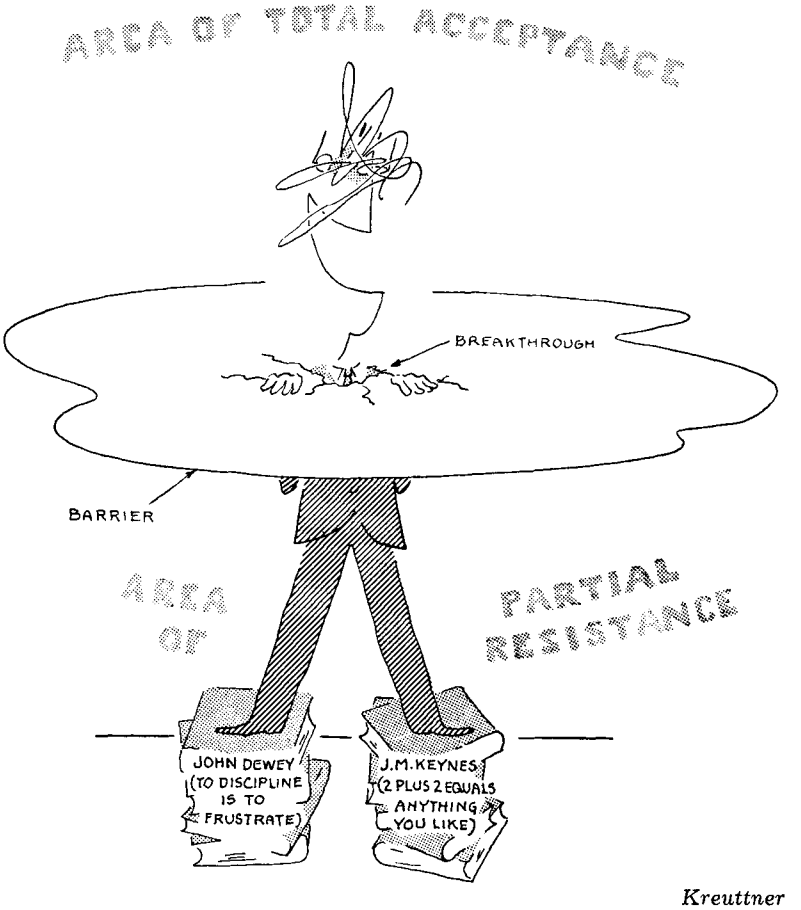
Curiously enough, it was the Third Term—or, rather, the new Twenty-Second Amendment prohibiting it—that finally let me see the light. Ever since Ike's re-election, the Liberal commentators, via the press, the radio, and TV, have been attributing all our foreign and domestic ills, from the Hungarian suppression to the current moves in Syria, from Midwest floods to Ike's weakness with a putter, to this pernicious amendment.

Now, of course, my first impulse was to sneer at their palpable ignorance of American history. Indeed, I would quote with relish a quatrain from Kipling:

> In August was the jackal born;
> The rains came in September.
> "Now such a fearful flood as this,"
> Said he, "I can't remember."

For, it must be remembered, until the ascent of FDR no American of my generation conceived it possible for an American President to get a third term. History—the sort of history we were taught by our unprogressive teachers—ruled it out. From Washington on, the doctrine of rotation in the highest office of the land had been part of our mores and our folklore. It was as inviolate as Lexington and Concord, as Patrick Henry and Molly Pitcher, as the Boston Tea Party and the Alamo, and needed no constitutional amendment to hallow it. Presidents came and went, some for one term, but none for more than two. True, Grant had hoped for it (but we didn't find that out till we went to college) and, when we were pups, Teddy had attempted it, but both had been beaten off. In our own day, there was speculation that Coolidge might buck the tradition on a technicality; whereupon a group of Senators—Republican and Democratic alike—signed a round robin, earnestly pleading with him not to violate the Unwritten Law. And he didn't. (Unless my memory is completely gone, George Norris, who afterward pleaded—successfully, it turned out—for FDR to run again in 1940, was one of the signers. But, to be fair to the great Nebraskan, Cal was an arch-conservative and FDR was the archest of Liberals. You simply can't apply the same rules to both, or you'd have complete chaos.)

(*Continued on p. 407*)




*Kreuttner*

***"Ask me anything, but make your question complex, so that my answer can be inconclusive. I'm so intellectual I can't understand simple sentences!"***



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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## The Eminence of Mr. Eliot

HUGH KENNER

T. S. Eliot's fame as the model literary critic of the twentieth century is securely backed by perhaps a dozen essays, written (among nearly a hundred others) between 1917 and 1922. In "Tradition and the Individual Talent," in "The Metaphysical Poets," in "Andrew Marvell," in "Philip Massinger," he causes the subject to expose itself (his own formula for the ideal critical procedure) with an economy, precision and self-effacing grace never previously envisaged nor subsequently equalled.

Except for a few tantalizing pages, his newest collection, *On Poetry and Poets* (Farrar, $4.50) contains nothing to renew or prolong its author's rise to eminence. The propulsive stages having dropped away long ago, he continues to move in a noiseless and dignified orbit around the world of literature, predictably on course, observing with genial scrupulousness what can be seen from a great unchanging distance, no longer combining the novel insight with the definitive statement, but adjusting the proportions of such majestic generalities as The Social Function of Poetry, What Is a Classic?, and Virgil and the Christian World.

A satellite and a rocket use different instrumentation. In "Christopher Marlowe" (1918) we find that the burden of the argument is carried by the examples of Marlowe's versification, adroitly chosen and juxtaposed for the reader's inspection so as to yield the right generalizations with a minimum of prompting from the critic; there are twenty-three verse quotations in seven pages. In "Yeats" (1940) there are six in fourteen pages, and their use is wholly forensic: they serve to punctuate the flow of the First Annual Yeats Lecture, delivered to the Friends of the Irish Academy at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

This suggests one reason for the air of remoteness from the texts which permeates *On Poetry and Poets;* eleven of the sixteen papers were written for oral delivery, and lecture audiences can't be expected to weigh and digest examples. "Christopher Marlowe" read aloud would be simply unintelligible. So would the celebrated "Hamlet and His Problems" (1919), which, though it contains only two quotations, operates with a gnomic economy of overstatement ("So far from being Shakespeare's masterpiece, the play is most certainly an artistic failure") carrying the half-ironic implication that the reader had better do some shocked pondering in the subsequent silence. But Mr. Eliot is the soul of decorum; it would be impolite to leave that implication with an audience that has assembled in comfortable expectation after inviting you to address it. Furthermore, an essayist can stop when he has finished, or, for cryptic purposes, a little before he has finished; but a lecturer must talk for an hour.

And Mr. Eliot is today the most eminent of living lecturers, a largely unwilling celebrity. We need to remind ourselves nowadays that the famous essays weren't written by a celebrity. They were nearly anonymous, the ones that appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* literally so. Eliot had, until the mid-twenties, the freedom of a whimsical but purposeful *poltergeist;* no one knew who he was.

As Assistant Editor of the *Egoist* in 1917-19 he wrote prose, still uncollected, from which four decades have drained neither the verve nor the relevance. The *Egoist* not only serialized Wyndham Lewis' *Tarr* and sponsored the publication of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man;* it once dealt with a copy shortage by printing outrageous "Correspondence" concocted by the Assistant Editor, and on another occasion permitted him to state in its columns, ". . . (in response to numerous inquiries) . . . to the best of my knowledge and belief Captain Arthur Eliot, joint author of 'The Better Ole', is not, roughly speaking, a member of my family." It regularly tweaked the nose of the *London Times.*

Eliot was not, however, to be turned into a deft buffoon. At about the same period he was developing, in reviews written for the *New Statesman* and the *Athenaeum,* what was to be for some years, until fame overtook him, his fundamental critical strategy: a close and knowing mimicry of the respectable. The rhetorical layout of essay after essay can best be described as a parody of official British literary discussion: its asperities, its pontification, its distinctions that do not distinguish, its vacuous ritual of familiar quotations and bathetic solemnities.

The well-known "Euripides and Professor Murray" is a tour de force in this manner: "Professor Murray has simply interposed between Euripides and ourselves a barrier more impenetrable than the Greek language. We do not reproach him for preferring, apparently, Euripides to Aeschylus. But if he does, he should at least appreciate Euripides. . . ." These sentences catch exactly the frigid appeal to classical snobbery which used to be part of the *Times'* stock in trade. To a conventional review reader they make their point with a soothing obviousness. To a reader who had progressed to the point of dissatisfaction with the *Times Lit. Supp.* they would yield a complex comic satisfaction.



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These points about Mr. Eliot's early essays are worth recapitulating because they provide a clue to the artful evasiveness of his later ones. He still seeks freedom in camouflage; but today he is camouflaged not as an anonymous reviewer but as a platform Goethe. The new role gives him less scope; in *On Poetry and Poets* we discover few epigrams, little pregnant brevity, and (owing to the exigencies of the lecture hall) much platitude and an air of developing the obvious with ingratiating thoroughness. One fancies the auditors nodding comfortable agreement; it no doubt relieved the small cityful of people who attended the Gideon Seymour Memorial Lecture at the University of Minnesota to gather that they need pay less attention to explanations of poetry than they had guiltily supposed. "ELIOT TELLS 13,700 POETRY MUST BE ENJOYED TO BE UNDERSTOOD" was the best the *Minneapolis Tribune* could do by way of a headline. Yet "The Frontiers of Criticism" is a highly subversive document in more ways than one; it sends home the member of the Browning Study Circle to confront the limitations of his own "sensibility, intelligence, and capacity for wisdom"; and it does the same for numerous practitioners of the kind of criticism which requires neither sensibility, intelligence, nor capacity for wisdom, but merely a large library and a topic to work on.

Such essays as "The Frontiers of Criticism," "The Three Voices of Poetry," "What is a Classic?" and "Poetry and Drama" are for all their blandness highly timely productions, aimed below the water-line of the postwar academicism that is so busily championing the most inert values by the most up-to-date methods. A constant elision of the work with the man, the man with systematic offenses against common sense, and common sense with the intensely provincial clichés of current liberalism: these are the new notes of the higher study of literature, which among men with a reputation to make quickly may be said to have entered the Gestapo phase.

Meanwhile one kind of scholar, who if he never examined his own taste never interfered with anyone else's, has become extinct: the genial specialist who knew all there was to know about something or other, and shared this knowledge with whoever wanted it. He was hooted out of existence for not being critic enough. And two former sorts of critic, whose characteristics were noted some forty years ago by Mr. Eliot himself, have also gone the way of the aurochs and the passenger pigeon: The Gentleman in a Library, and what, in a vocabulary now some decades obsolete, could once be denominated The Liberal. We have no Saintsburys or Middleton Murrys, nor will the sight of Mr. Lionel Trilling clothed in the hide of Matthew Arnold, nor the mimetic efforts of Mr. Highet and Mr. Bergen Evans, deceive any competent zoologist.

These are the circumstances amid which Mr. Eliot has chosen to launch the latest of his long series of impersonations: the Man of Letters. Despite Mr. Eliot's manifest qualifications for the role, it can only be an impersonation—the role implying a milieu of dispassionate concern for letters which in these times is manifestly bogus. Yet, the measured calm, the abhorrence of provincialism, the rejection of mere curious busyness, serve to remind us that one of the uses of literature, so much the object of his concern, is to conduce to wisdom, and that the object of scholarship is to make wisdom more accessible. The function of criticism, he tells us now, is "to promote the understanding and enjoyment of literature"; if this sounds like platitude we may solace our regret that Mr. Eliot is no longer the critic he once was, by reflecting that he might have put the eminence he never sought to much worse uses than keeping meritorious platitudes alive.

# Two Can Do the Work of One

CHRISTOPHER LOGAN

Sociology, it has been truly observed, is the useless science: half its teachings are a clumsy wrestle with the self-evident; the rest are merely false. Thus we find its practitioners more concerned to interrogate hapless slum dwellers and to gabble of "autochthonous play" than to make known the laws of human conduct. (It is noteworthy that those men whom we call "great" sociologists—*e.g.,* Sumner, Sorokin—have been authentic social philosophers: great in the degree by which they transcend the discipline.) In the default of these self-styled scientists, it is lucky that some "insightful" non-sociologists remain who can instruct us in the behavior of human groups.

Just such a free intelligence is the author of *Parkinson's Law and Other Studies in Administration* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00). C. Northcote Parkinson, by all accounts, is "Raffles Professor of History" at the University of Malaya—which sounds too improbable to be invention. He first sank his satirical harpoon into the bureaucratic flank in November 1955, when he expounded his original "law" in the pages of the London *Economist.* Setting forth the geometry of bureaucratic expansion, "Parkinson's Law" is a paradigm of balanced prose and civilized spoofing. Through a variety of mathematical demonstrations, Parkinson "proves" that bureaucracies (irrespective of the amount of work to be accomplished) grow at a rate of "between 5.17 per cent and 6.56 per cent" annually—the chief reason being that the bureaucrat, to feed his sense of self-importance and to avoid the hazards of competition, always hires *two* assistants, who will battle each other instead of battling him. In due time, the two assistants will each hire two other assistants, and so on.

Besides the title essay, the present work contains studies of such matters as pensions, "injelitance" (comprising incompetence and jealousy), rules for selecting new employees, and symptoms of institutional decay. In discussing the last-mentioned, Parkinson advances the theory that "perfection of planned layout is achieved only by institutions on the point of collapse," or those which have never lived. His discussion puts the reader in mind of the slickly elaborate publications, committee system, and physical plant of the stillborn United Nations. Parkinson himself does not suppress the thought:



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When we see an example of such planning [he writes at the end of Chapter 6]—when we are confronted for example by the building designed for the United Nations—the experts among us shake our heads sadly, draw a sheet over the corpse, and tiptoe quietly into the open air.

For such iconoclasms—and, in the nature of the book, there are several—the conservative reader may be truly grateful. Parkinson obviously has the courage to follow his satire wherever it leads—even unto the most cherished frauds of Liberaldom.

This said, some negative comment must be subjoined. Parkinson's mask is that of the painstaking, mathematical analyst of the human condition. He is in best form when he has his subject well enough in hand to discuss it in considerable analytical detail. Which means that the original conception—the comic idea from which the discussion is suspended—must be sound enough to merit, and withstand, extended examination.

Such, unfortunately, is not the case with most of the essays in this volume. The title piece is the only completely successful effort. Those on pensions, "The Law of Triviality," and the life cycle of cabinets are in the next rank, but well back. The remaining half-dozen range from "good" to downright mediocre.

The explanation for this unevenness would seem to be that the original "law" was founded upon a major insight: the "work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion." Long consideration affirms the statement, not as a facile quip, but as a great home truth—a flash of wisdom that explains such familiar arcana as, for example, the Pentagon Building, and its vast indwelling chaos. The other essays contain kindred insights of a lower order, but in no case are they founded upon such wisdom.

Parkinson's prose, be it said, is at all times refreshing. It has the poise and controlled animation which Bagehot thought characteristic of the British "man of genius who is also a great man of world." But the virtue prompts a final quibble: Mr. Robert Osborn's frantic and spidery cartoons, which consume several pages of the book, are ill-suited to the author's comfortable way of writing.

# REVIEWED IN BRIEF

A GUIDE TO COMMUNIST JARGON, by R. N. Carew Hunt (Macmillan, $3.50). In 1950 Carew Hunt brought out a volume called *The Theory and Practice of Communism,* a brilliant incapsulation of its difficult subject which was quickly, and deservedly, elevated to the status of a minor classic. *A Guide to Communist Jargon*—like Carew Hunt's second book, *Marxism, Past and Present*—is a less ambitious work, but no less useful. Although the Guide is purportedly a "glossary" of fifty specimens of Soviet gobbledygook, Hunt could no more write a mere "glossary" than he could fly. He has fashioned, instead, a series of thoughtful and instructive essays on those aspects of Communist strategy which the various words and phrases suggest. C.L.

ATLAS OF WORLD HISTORY, edited by R. R. Palmer (Rand McNally, $6.95). With unlimited fanfare, large ads and copious mailings, Rand McNally has launched this new historical atlas on an unsuspecting public. It may be a few dollars cheaper than Shepherd or Muir, but it is not worth a fifth as much. It has nothing to add in historical concept or useful detail, and esthetically it is a calamity. Maps can be beautiful and utilitarian at the same time (compare the design of any map of Bartholomew's or Philip's with Rand McNally's). There is no excuse for either the oversimplification of presentation or the crudity of design in this volume. F.S.M.

AMERICA AND THE FIGHT FOR IRISH FREEDOM: 1866-1922, by Charles Callan Tansill (Devin-Adair, $7.50). The principal Irish use of Irish-Americans has been to finance revolutionary political movements, from the fund-raising to found the Irish Republican Brotherhood to the subsidizing of the Easter Rebellion and after. To the Irish myth the Americans have contributed Mother Machree and Molly McGuire. Only from 1916 does America play a more inclusive role. Therefore Professor Tansill's book, in spite of its title, is for the most part Irish history straight. His heroes are the Irish Republic (Platonic model), Parnell and the Irish-Americans Judge Cohalan and John Devoy. His villains are perfidious Albion, Wilson and DeValera. If he is too personal in his judgments, he has written an honest book. F.R.

MAN: HIS FIRST MILLION YEARS, by Ashley Montagu (World, $3.75). Dr. Montagu, who composed the "UNESCO Statement on Race," has again skilfully trimmed the facts of anthropology to fit the Liberal propaganda line. Every anthropologist knows, for example, that aborigines in Australia propagated their species for a hundred thousand years without ever suspecting that pregnancy might be a consequence of sexual intercourse. Equally striking evidence of intellectual capacity is provided by the many peoples that never discovered how to kindle a fire or plant a seed. But Dr. Montagu, after making a great show of cautious objectivity, proclaims that "anthropologists are unable to find any evidence" of "significant differences in mental capacity" between "ethnic groups." If you can tell such whoppers with a straight face, you too can ask the "United Nations" to recognize your right to largesse from the pockets of American taxpayers. R. P. O.


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# To the Editor

## *"Princeton and the Priest"*

### *Princeton's Double Standard*

Your excellent coverage of the Hiss-Halton hassle at Princeton ["Princeton and the Priest," by Finis Farr, October 19] can lead only to the conclusion that Dr. Goheen has a double standard for "academic freedom"—freedom to speak for those who think as Hiss, Wilson, Stace, *et al*, but no freedom to speak for those who hold to Father Halton's views.

As an Episcopalian, it seems to me that Princeton would do well to heed the sound advice given by Gamaliel to the Pharisees who were trying with equally dedicated fervor to stop St. Paul from speaking the truth (Acts V, 38-39):

"And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON, JR.
*Chestnut Hill, Mass.*

Where, may I ask, are the great champions of civil liberties and academic freedom, in the wake of the shabby treatment afforded the Rev. Hugh Halton?

Among Father Halton's unforgivable sins: speaking out against the appearance of Alger Hiss at Princeton, criticism of left-wing trends in university administration and teaching, and daring to attack the untouchable American Association of University Professors. . . .

The new president of Princeton, Dr. Robert F. Goheen, made his first showing of academic leadership by withdrawing recognition of Father Halton and his duties at Princeton.

Oh, academic freedom!—THERE is thy sting!

*Park Ridge, Ill.* BEA VON BOESELAGER

As a fellow Princeton alumnus, as a Protestant, and as an American, I salute Finis Farr on his penetrating article on the Father Halton affair.

We hear a lot these days about "academic freedom" and "conformity." The Alger Hiss and Father Halton incidents at Princeton, and the Oppenheimer affair at Harvard, are indications that the academic community does not practice what it preaches when it comes to a man of God who does not "conform" to the prevailing ideologies of the learned professors.

I wonder what Princeton would have done if there were a Rev. Melish in the community? Of course, the latter would never have had anything to object to at the University, so the situation is not likely to arise.

*Morristown, N.J.* JACQUES BRAMHALL, JR.

### *The Reason Why—*

You have done the conservative cause no service by publishing Presbyterian Finis Farr's "Princeton and the Priest" and your editorial [October 19] on that subject. The assumption that any creed, any philosophy, any individual or group of individuals is the sole repository of the eternal verities — "the Truth" — should be clearly repudiated by all who condemn assault, whether from the right or from the left, on intellectual freedom. . . . Harvard and other great Eastern universities . . . are what they are because of their resistance to obscurantism in any form.

*Litchfield, Conn.* EUGENE H. DOOMAN

### *A Catholic vs. the Priest*

If to be opposed to your attacks on President Goheen and your defense of Father Halton is to become a member of the Establishment, I am afraid that you'll have to count me in that group.

What some Catholic Princetonians have come most to dislike about Father Halton is his misrepresentation of fellow Catholics, including his distinguished predecessor, and his unsubstantiated charges against a variety of people including "57 per cent of the Catholic Alumni of Princeton since 1880."

Surely Mr. Farr could do a little more research and come up with



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some of the incontrovertible facts that will continue to lessen Father Halton's support among thinking Catholics. . . .

It would not seem the time for NATIONAL REVIEW to lose some of its support over an issue it rightly defines but wrongly interprets.

*Washington, D.C.* DR. B. J. DUFFY, JR.

***A Liberal vs. Princeton***

I read "Princeton and the Priest" with great interest. As an ex-Princetonian, non-Catholic and ACLU-type liberal, I am sickened by the tactics of the totalitarian liberals in the Princeton community.

As for Halton himself, he's a refreshing anachronism, almost too good to be true. In a dreary age of conformity, Halton stands as a fire-eating hell-for-leather McCarthyite rabble-rouser with more guts, personality, and humor than any ten of the dodos who are trying to put him down. Let liberals of good will and stern morality close ranks behind his rights, if not his opinions . . .

*New York City* J. MARSHALL TUCK

ARTS AND MANNERS

(*Continued from p. 402*)

But, though I came to sneer, I remained to pray. Call it brainwashing, brainstorming or what you will, the hour-by-hour, day-by-day pounding home of the fact that every other American President had been legally eligible for a third term had its effect. The unfairness of the situation began to make itself felt in my subconscious. Why couldn't Ike get all the money he wanted for foreign loans? Why didn't the House and Senate pass all the legislation he asked? What accounted for the frightful rise in juvenile delinquency and the dreadful fall in the Dow-Jones averages? Why did the Arabs hate the Israelis? Why did O'Malley insist on taking the Bums away from Brooklyn? There was only one answer and it came from Drew Pearson and Walter Lippmann alike: the obnoxious, un-American, paralyzing Twenty-Second Amendment.

And they began referring to Ike, even in AP dispatches, as "the lame duck President." I think that was the final blow. A lame duck—in my day—meant a man who had been defeated for re-election: Ike had been anything but beaten—he had swamped his opponent. Yet he was a lame duck. Either the words didn't make sense or—I faced it—I didn't.

The human psyche is a stubborn thing, and it takes a long time for a man to realize that when everybody else is out of step the fault may lie with him. I looked under the bed—and there wasn't a Communist to be seen. That did it. Now I knew.

I went immediately to my old shyster lawyer friend, now wearing the ermine robe of a shyster judge, and asked to be committed. He listened attentively as I explained my reason, nodding in agreement. When I finished, he said, "I think you're doing the right thing. As a matter of fact," he added, "I've been reading some of these recent decisions of the Supreme Court and I feel the same way. If you wait till I get my hat, I'll go with you."

So here we are. While we don't look forward to the daily shock treatments, the tranquilizers more than compensate. The food is adequate, we are allowed to listen to the radio and TV whenever Ed Murrow is on, and our lending library is large and varied. Of course, there's no Kipling, nor *The Merchant of Venice,* nor *Huckleberry Finn,* but we do have a representative list of authors from Henry Commager to Rex Tugwell, and what man needs more? I am beginning to see clearly that America was, until 1932, a land of poverty and oppression, backward as Russia under the Tsars. But, in that fateful year, the Saint of Hyde Park rode through Middlesex to warn the embattled farmers, crossed the Delaware to free the slaves, stormed the Bastille, forced King John to sign the Wagner Act at Runnymede, kept us out of war, single-handedly overthrew Hitler and Mussolini, and, finally, organized the United Nations and so brought us to the Promised Land. Alas, like Moses, he never lived to see it himself, but if we are to credit Rex Tugwell, he would have run for a fifth term with Wendell Willkie as his running mate. Some of the boys here think he'll make it yet, Twenty-Second Amendment or no.

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